If euer he haue wife, let her be mad:
As miſerable by the death of him.
As I am made by my poore Lord and thee.
Come now towards *Chertley* with your holy load
Taken from *Paules* to be interred there:
And ſtill as you are a wearie of the waight,
Reſt you whiles I lament King *Henries* coarſe.

Enter Gloſter.

Glo. Stay you that beare the coarſe, and ſet it downe,
La. What blacke Magitian coniures vp this fiend
To ſtop deuoted charitable deeds?
Glo. Villaine, ſet downe the coarſe, or by St. *Paul*,
Ile make a coarſe of him that diſobeyes.
Gen. Stand backe and let the Coffin paſſe.
Glo. Vnmanner'd dog, ſtand thou when I command,
Aduance thy Halbert higher then my breſt,
Or by Saint *Paul* ile ſtrike thee to my foote,
And ſpurne vpon thee begger for thy boldnes.
La. What do you tremble, are you all afraid?
Alas, I blame you not for you are mortall,
And mortall eyes cannot endure the diuell.
Auant thou fearefull miniſter of hell,
Thou hadſt but power ouer his mortall bodie,
His ſoule thou canſt not haue, therefore be gone.
Glo. Sweet Saint for charitie, be not ſo curſt.
La. Foule diuell for Gods ſake hence & trouble vs not,
For thou haſt made the happie earth thy hell:
Fil'd it with curſing cries and deepe exclaimes,
If thou delight to view thy hainous deeds,
Behold this patterne of thy butcheries.
Oh Gentlemen ſee, ſee dead *Henries* wounds,
Open their congeal'd mouths and bleed afreſh.
Bluſh, bluſh, thou lumpe of foule deformitie,
For tis thy preſence that exhales this blood,
From cold and emptie veynes where no bloud dwels.
Thy deed inhumaine and vnnaturall,
Prouokes this deluge moſt vnnaturall.
Oh God, which this blood mad'ſt, reuenge his death:
Oh earth, which this bloud drink'ſt, reuenge his death:
Either heauen with lightning ſtrike the murtherer dead,

Or earth gape open wide, and ea
As thou didſt ſwallow vp this g
Which his Hel-gouernd arme ha
Glo. Lady, you know no rule
Which renders good for bad, bl
La. Villanne, thou knowſt no l
No beaſt ſo fierce, but knowes ſo
Glo. But I know none, and the
La. Oh wonderfull when deuil
Glo. More wonderfull when A
Vouchſafe deuine perfection of a
Of theſe ſuppoſed euils to giue n
By circumſtance but to acquite
La. vouchſafe defuſed infectio
For theſe knowne euils, but to gi
By circumſtance to curſe thy cu
Glo. Fairer then tongue can na
Some patient leiſure to excuſe n
La. Foüler then heart can thin
No excuſe currant, but to hang
Glo. By ſuch diſpaire I ſhould
La. And by diſparing ſhouldſt
For doing worthy vengeance on
Which didſt, vnworthy ſlaught
Glo. Say that I ſlew them not.
La. Why then they are not de
But dead they are, and diueliſh ſl
Glo. I did not kill your husba
La. Why then he is aliue.
Glo. Nay, he is dead and ſlain
La. In thy foule throat thou
Thy bloodly faulchion ſmoakin
The which thou once didſt ben
But that thy brother beate aſide
Glo. I was prouoked by her ſl
Which laide their guiſt vpon m
La. Thou waſt prouoked by
Which neuer dreamt on ought
Didſt thou not kill this King?

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22319) LONDON, 1622 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G